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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1906.

To-day is your day and mine, the only day we have; the day in which we play our part. What our part may signify in the great whole we may not understand, but we are here to play it, and now is our time.
—David Sloer Jordan.

A Word With Educators.

The Times-Dispatch to-day introduces its readers to a new department to be found on page 4 of section C. After conference with the Department of Public Instruction and with leading educators of the State, we have decided to give one page of each Sunday edition to the cause of education, and we hope to make it the most attractive educational page ever published in a Southern newspaper. We do not propose to overload it with long and dry essays on academic questions, but to make it rather the medium through which educators may exchange views and suggestions, stimulate interest in the cause and aid in the general improvement of the public school system of the State.

In addition, we expect to print on this page a great deal of educational news from the public and private schools of the State, indicating the movement and progress in educational work.

We cannot do this work alone. We must have the aid and hearty co-operation of superintendents and teachers and all who feel an interest in the cause of popular education. We ask all such to become regular contributors, to give us school news, to give us school views, to give us such hints and suggestions as may seem to them in the direction of reform and betterment.

The page which we present to-day is not by any means ideal, not what we hope to make it. It takes times to develop an enterprise of this character, but if the friends of education will join hands with us and give us their cordial support, the educational page of The Times-Dispatch will become one of its most interesting features, will be read by thousands and tens of thousands, and will be a means of stimulating public interest and improving the educational system.

In to-day's paper we give a speech which Mr. Rosewell Page made recently in Lynchburg on the subject of compulsory education; a communication from Mr. J. S. Phillips, superintendent of schools of Page county, on the importance of retaining the Board of Examiners and inspectors; a communication by Superintendent Joynes, of Accomack, on the state of public schools in that county; an article from Superintendent D. M. Pulliam, of Manchester, on the value of education; a letter from Mr. B. M. Parham on the subject of compulsory education; several letters of commendation from prominent educators and three instructive photographs of school buildings.

Complaint is often made that tax-payers will not attend educational rallies and listen to speeches. But The Times-Dispatch visits their homes, and those who have a word to say may find in the Educational Page of this paper a means of reaching the tax-payers and all others concerned. Friends of education, we offer you the means without cost. Will you use it?

Italian vs. Negro.

According to Mr. Alfred H. Stone, of Mississippi, who recently read a paper before the American Economic Association, there is probability that the farms of the South will by and by be tilled by Italians instead of by negro hands. We have not seen Mr. Stone's paper, but according to a report in one of our exchanges, interesting experiments are being made at Sunny Side plantation in Arkansas, where formerly negroes were exclusively employed, but where Italians are now employed in large numbers. The experiment dates back to 1898, when the present operators of the plantation began work. They found on hand thirty-eight families of Italians with 200 working hands and 203 negro families with 600 working hands, the former cultivating 1,200 acres of cotton and the latter 2,600 acres. The survival of the fittest in this combination is shown in the fact that at the end of 1905 there were at Sunny Side plantation 107 squads of Italians, with 500 working hands, while the negroes had decreased to 38 squads with 175 working hands—the Italians cultivating 3,000 acres and the negroes only 900 acres. The contrast is even more strikingly shown by the fact that while the Italians were rasing 400 pounds of lint an acre and 2,584 pounds a hand, the negroes averaged 233 pounds an acre and 1,174 pounds a hand.

It is also shown that the Italians are far more thrifty than the negroes. Of the 110 Itadian squads at the beginning of 1905, he says, 44 were new arrivals, yet of the total number 65 squads, or 59 per cent, finished the year without having contracted a debt for supplies, while of the 61 negro squads during the same time only 2 or 3 per cent. were free from debt. New arrivals of Italians after the first year are practically independent, while of the negro laborers only a negligible percentage succeed in making both ends meet and are free from debt.

The climate of the South suits the Italian, and if those who settle in that section are otherwise pleased, they will urge their relatives and friends in the old country to join them. Southern planters do not employ the negro through choice. True the negro is well suited to farm work in the land of sunny skies. As a rule he is good natured and tractable, but he is lazy and shiftless and often unreliable. But it has been negro labor or nothing, and there was no choice about it.

The experiment in Arkansas is most interesting. If the South can get a plentiful supply of thrifty, industrious and cliable white labor to work its lands, he cotton-growing industry will receive a decided impetus.

The Socialism of J. London.

A night or two ago Jack London made a "socialistic" address to 3,000 Yale men and their friends. The faculty had been a little anxious over this speech. They were rather afraid that Jack might say something radical, Jack did. He waved the red shirt with the most untrammeled enthusiasm the while he poured forth a torrent of somewhat flushed talk. From the latter we append a few specimen extracts:

"We will be content with nothing less than all the power, with the possession of the whole world. We socialists will wrest the power from the present rulers. By war, if necessary. Stop us, if you can!

"When the food-getting efficiency of the modern man is so great, why is it that 10,000 people are this night starving to death in this land?

"All capitalists are bad and all workingmen are good. If people object to our programme because of the Constitution, then to hell with the Constitution. Yes, to hell with the Constitution. President Roosevelt is frightened by our revolution. He says that class war is the greatest danger to the country. Class war is our watchword."

Mr. London also demands why it is that 50,000 children in New York city go to school without breakfast each morning. The answer to this is identical with the answer to his question as to the 10,000 persons who starve to death every night. They don't. It was young Mr. Robert Hunter who made the discovery regarding the breakfastless New York school children—70,000 was the number then, if we recollect aright. His announcement elicited a cry of such dimensions that Mr. Hunter felt called on to explain. He said that he only meant to say that a great many thousand children went to school "insufficiently fed."

The aims of moderate and self-contained socialism furnish little food for the sneerer and scoffer. In their way they are ideal, and, at least, theoretically, they command the sympathy of a great many intelligent men and women. Anrchistic screamings, however, are quite another matter. If the socialists are wise, they will not offer Jack London as their spokesman any more. They will put a nice thick muzzle on the distinguished novelist and urge him to go off to some quiet region like the Klondike.

The Burton Trial.

It has always been an excellent rule to temper justice with mercy. For this reason The Times-Dispatch expressed the hope that A. Chadwick Burton would not be punished so severely and repeatedly as to make him more of a martyr than a culprit. So far, Burton has never served one day in jail under sentence of court and is only in jail now because he cannot furnish bail.

It is true that a number of indictments have been found against him ,and tarce convictions have been secured, amounting to ten months in jail. But his lawyers appealed from the first decision, and until Judge Witt and, perhaps, the Supreme Court shall pass upon the issues involved in that appeal, no one will know of a certainty that Burton will ever serve one day under legal sentence.

Our understanding was that Burton would be tried, probably convicted, and, if so, certainly sentenced for each and every case where he had obtained money under false pretenses. To avoid a multitude of separate and seemingly unnecessary trials, we called attention to the value of moderation—even in the case of Burton. That is all.

Regulation of Patent Medicines.

One of the legitimate functions of government is not only to protect the health of its citizens from the effects of bad food, sold under fraudulent representations, but to prohibit the sale of poisons under the attractive forms of panaceas.

A bill has been introduced in the Legislature to brand as "poison" all patent medicines which contain over a specified percentage of certain specified medicines. How much of these medicines is required to poison a person to death we do not know, but a poison means, according to the common acceptation of the term, any substance which, if taken at all, will either kill the person who takes it or make him very ill.

We cordially agree with the general proposition to regulate by law the indiscriminate sale of patent medicines, the elements of which are unknown and may be injurious. The duty of the Legislature to do this is but a corollary of the principle of law which requires any one who wishes to practice medicine to undergo a severe examination of his learning in medicine before he can get a license. It was only a comparatively few years ago that any one in Virginia who would pay a license could practice medicine, regardless of his learning. That bad condition has been changed. The right and duty of the Legislature to control the sale of medicine is unquestionable, but is the name "poison" a proper term to apply to some of the patent medicines, which contain a quantity of the specified ingredients too small to do harm unless the medicine is taken in very large quantities? It is one thing to regulate, but quite another to extirpate.

It is also reasonable to suppose that the ingredients of some of the patent medicines of established reputation for good results ought fairly to be treated as trade secrets, and not to be given to the world at large. In such a case some provision should be made to lodge the formula of such medicines with some representatives of the State, who should have the power to determine whether the medicines should be branded as poisonous or not.

In our zeal to root out frauds and expose harmful compounds, we should not attack a legitimate and proper business. There is no doubt that the sale of patent medicines, as well as of so-called cool, delicious and refreshing drinks, needs a good overhauling, but there is also no doubt that there are patent medicines which are great benefactors to the poor and afflicted. The movement to regulate should be made cautiously, wisely and not vindictively.

Making a Statesman.

Some men have fame thrust upon them. Among this fortunate number seems to be a certain young lover, just now very much in the public eye. To the best of our information, the Hon. Nicholas Longworth is a thoroughly amiable and estimable young man. As a statesman, however, he has been, until recently, more or less inconspicuous. Now, in a night, as it were, he has suddenly sprung up into a political personage. The dispatches quote his views. Good papers discuss him editorially.

We haven't a word against Mr. Longworth. We are merely commenting on him because he happens to illustrate something curious. Before the announcement of his engagement to the President's daughter, comparatively few people, we take it, had ever heard his name. His opinions on public questions were of very modest public interest. Since that announcement, he has been suddenly metamorphosed into a man of weight. His betrothal, in a sense, has constituted his political debut.

Out in Cincinnati just now, it is said, there is a good deal of speculation as to Congressman Longworth's attitude toward George B. Cox. This is somewhat interesting. A year ago Cincinnati politicians might have talked of Cox's "attitude" toward Congressman Longworth. Now they whisper that Longworth is about to "abandon" Cox. It is always the stronger man that does the abandoning. In January, 1904, Representative Longworth informed the House of Representatives that Mr. Cox was a man of "ability and character," "one of Cincinnati's most eminent citizens," "clean, able and upright." But that was some months before Mr. Longworth's engagement and before he was conscious of having outgrown the need of Cox.

Doubtless Cox amply deserved to be abandoned. We are not criticizing Mr. Longworth for that—only remarking on his new ability to do it. Strength comes to men in various guises, and his is obviously growing. With his present opportunities, it is quite likely that he will become an increasingly conspicuous figure in political life. His abilities are of secondary importance.

Postmaster Knight.

It was stated in our Washington special yesterday that the President had appointed Mr. R. E. Cabell postmaster for Richmond city to succeed Mr. Wray T. Knight. It was further stated that the objection to the reappointment of Mr. Knight was that "he did not put up any sort of fight for the party in the Third District."

We do not know what Mr. Knight did for the Republican party, but we know that he has made an excellent postmaster and we believe that it was the desire of the Richmond public that he be retained. There is nothing to say against Mr. Cabell, but Mr. Knight, who has held the office for years, understands the needs of Richmond; he is thoroughly identified with the interests of this community, he has given his whole time and best talents to the service, which was far better than running around the district talking politics; he is accomodating; he is enterprising and altogether he has made a most satisfactory officer. A postmaster should be a thorough going business man, should study the needs of the business interests of the community and should exert himself to give a postal service adequate to the demands of the community which he serves. In the administration of his office, Mr. Knight has met all these requirements and we regret that he is to be removed.

The Police Investigation.

No public servants can do more to create or prevent graft than the police. The opportunities and responsibiliaes alike of their position expose them to attacks from which the less powerful conservators of peace are free. If the police are traitors, the city is indeed lost. If the guardians need to be guarded, who can feel safe from open or secret lawlessness? By no means are those who doubt the honesty or capacity of our police force to be silenced. Let every critic be heard, for free speech is the greatest safeguard that the wit of man has yet devised. But, when upon investigation, it appears that the fears of the critic are not justified, the public may well be glad that its servants have been tested, tried and found faithful.

And nothing is more likely to keep the police force above reproach than that same jealous interest which demands of the guardians of the peace a scrupulous care and vigorous enforcement of the laws, in letter and in spirit, at all times and in all places.

Art for Art's Sake.

The Times-Dispatch is a patron of music and the fine arts and has pleasure in aiding all movements which tend to create and develop aesthetic talents and taste. The recital of the Richmond Choral Socity at the Academy of Music on Thursday evening will be an entertainment in the interest of art and should be patronized by all true amateurs. The music will be both enjoyable and inspiring.

The Richmond Choral Society is one of Richmond's best musical organizations and the chorus has been beautifuly trained by Dr. W. H. O. McGhee. The chorus numbers a hundred voices and the selections which it will render will be accompanied by a full orchestra of competent musicians. This would be a sufficient attraction within itself, for what we call the ornaments of music are best brought out in the work of many voices and instruments singing and playing in concerted movements. Choral music is distinctly the music of heaven, if we may judge by the revelations of divine writers who have caught the echoes from angelic chorus.

But in addition, those who attend the entertainment on Thursday evening will have the rare treat of hearing the piano music of Mme. Antoinette Szumowska, pupi of Paderewski, who is one of the greatest artists of the age. She was heard in Richmond last winter and charmed and enthused her audience with her playing. She returns with the advantage of a year's practice and her work this time will be so much the better.

In patronizing an entertainment of this high character Richmonders honor themselves and encourage art.

The Associated Charities.

The Associated Charities makes an excellent showing in its first report by its secretary, the Rev. James Buchanan, which we print in another column to-day. Though little more than a month old, the Associated Charities of Richmond have already made decided progress in eliminating the professional mendicants, and, what is of much more importance, finding and caring for the genuinely destitute. While the basis of all charity is the spirit of sympathy and love, yet even charity, to be made really effective, must be systematized and developed by thoughtful and business-like methods.

The report of the first month's work is a forcible argument of the value of such organization—and prophesies better things for the future.

Big Cost and Poor Roads.

The Amherst Progress, which has been doing its readers and the public generally a service in analyzing the statements of the Board of Supervisors and drawing conclusions therefrom, says that during the past year the sum of $16,891.31 was spent on the roads of the county, and yet the correspondents of the paper assert that the roads are no better than they were before. Our contemporary does not agree that the roads are not improved, but says that they are not nearly so good as they should be.

This is but piling up proof that under our slipshod system of working the roads, the money which the counties have spent has been in large part wasted. The work has been done in the old way without the intelligent direction of an engineer or a practical road maker, and sometimes the last condition of the road is worse than the first.

All this emphasizes the need of a State Highway Commission, or Department of Roads, or whatever it may be called, with a competent engineer at the head, whose business it should be to map out, direct and supervise as far as possible the work of road building in Virginia. If all the money which the counties have expended during the past twenty years on roads had been judiciously expended in making each year a few miles of substantial road there would have been some good highways at least in every county.

In this connection, we note with interest a letter from Hon. P. G. Lester, in the Floyd Press, in which he says:

"A prevailing curse which now rests upon us and is blighting the very buds of the thrift and progress which would and ought to attend the labors of the farmer, is what seems to be an inordinate desire for land and more of it which is moving the people to fence in the roads by setting their fences out."

This outrageous practice is not by any means confined to the county of Floyd. From year to year farmers have been encroaching upon the public highway until in some cases the roads have become so narrow that it is hard for two vehicles to pass. It is an abuse which should not be tolerated and the supervisors of every county should see to it that the trespass is stopped, and that the roads are restored to their original width.

The Bread of Life."

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)

"I am the Bread of Life," St. John vi:35.

The words are a protest against materialism as shown by the crude ambitions of the crowd, who pursued Jesus after the feeding of the five thousand. They pressed upon Him in the quiet place, He had chosen for His retreat, with their thought set upon another meal as easily and as magically produced as the last.

"Ye seek me," He said, "because ye did eat of the lives, and were filled." But instead of another miracle He gave them a parable, indeed, of another meal, He offered them—Himself.

Notice a great assumption, which underlies His words and which justifies His figure of speech. That assumption is, that men are hungry. Man is a hungry being, for in his nature is a constant waste of tissues and need of repairs. If he be not hungry there is something wrong.

How shall we define this day and abiding need of humanity? In one aspect it is a hunger for happiness and in another, it is a hunger for love. In another it is a hunger and thirst for righteousness. It is all these things and more, because it is also a hunger for God. That is the master need of the human soul. These words bring us face to face with the unselfishness of Christ. Bread is a necessity; we cannot live without bread. And if Jesus be that Bread of Life, it means that we cannot live without Him.

Bread does not stand upon the table to exhibit itself or to glorify itself. The corn does not grow that men may admire its beauty and speak in its praise. The end of its existence is fulfilled only in proposition as the corn and the bread are taken bruised within, and consumed. Bread not eaten, is not bread—fit only mouldy lumber.

The cross was to be God's answer to man's hunger for love; greater answer than hunger could not receive. And the cost of the gift did not affect the divine determination to bestow it.

We have our small charities—our loaves for the poor, our crumbs of comfort for the sad and solitary; our relief for temporal or spirital poverty. But how small is the distance we are willing to go, when it calls for real sacrifice, personal trouble, pain, trial or self renunciation. We have now-a-days paid agents to bear the cross for us. But this is the glory of the gift of God—the feature of it which put most of our better philanthropies to shame—it cost Him all He could give and all He could bear. "He spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for his all."

Ten thousand worlds live by His bounty, and there is no strain upon His resources to supply the needs of every creature He has made. But when we pass from our cornfields to that Corn of Wheat which long ago fell into the ground and died; "when we pass from the bread upon our tables to the true bread of which it was a type, we are in a region wherever God can suffer loss, or count up gain.

Bread aids man's life from within. Man has many possessions which help him from without. Clothing to keep him warm, light to shine upon his path, a beautiful world round about him, to mirror forth the Creator's glory. Yet to have all that, and nothing more, would be to live and die like Tantalus.

The body has an inward need, to neglect which is death. It is apt to be neglected while it is all essential. Christ always insisted that the inner life was the true life. Christ for us is much, but not enough. Christ in us, is absolutely necessary to our spiritual health. That is the chief and real meaning of this figure of Bread.

We are all by nature materialists. We have a strong tendency to be much more interested in our outer than in our inner selves. "The slightest failure in bodily strength," says Fenelon, "is promptly felt, and heeded. The least weakness in head or heart warns us to call in the physician and take his remedies. But too often our spiritual strength becomes altogether exhausted, before we realize that we are ailing."

We live here Christ's protest against materialism, against externals, and all other forces which war against the life of the soul.

It is needed greatly lest men content themselves with a heaven made up of parks and museums, good houses and good things of all kinds. It is needed in religion, lest fine architecture and splendid music become the substitute for a loving contact with the living Christ.

It is needed in each separate life, but any of us become more anxious about our money than about our morals; about our social position more than our character; about our body more than our soul.

The inner man must be nourished if life is to be anything better than the shadow of death. And the life of men must be Christ. Christ must be believed in. Christ must be loved. Christ must be communed with. Christ, by His word and spirit must permeate and renew the whole being.

This is "the true bread," the nourishment of the essential and ending part of us; the secret of life that shall be vigorous, triumphant, deathless.

Shall we not then implore, with the Disciples.

"Lord, ever more give us this Bread."

The observation of General Terauchi, Japanese Minister of War, to the effect that Great Britain ought to reform her army organization, was received with mixed feelings in London. Natural resentment of General Terauchi's rather unusual candor is tinctured with an apparent conviction that his charge was more or less justified in fact. The Japanese embassy in London admitted frankly that the incident involved a breach of etiquette.

His Honor Deuel says that he has no intention of resigning. Neither, as we recollect, had Mr. McCall.

Some women go through the marriage ceremony so often that an additional time or two makes no impression on them. They are likely to forget all about it.

The law's delays may yet prove a very advantageous circumstance to Lawyer Patrick.

Where Mr. and Mrs. Longworth are to go for their honeymoon, however, has as yet been successfully concealed from the sleuth-like reporter.

Grasping power companies are doing their best to destroy Niagara's bridal business.

Mr. Henry H. Rogers has won a technical point hardly commensurate with his considerable loss of public approbation.

Tom Dixon is not making, either personally or dramatically, a very pronounced hit in little old New York.

Possibly the coal man's innings are yet ahead of us, but he is getting in.

Merely Joking.

Only Fair.—They were waiting in their trap while the smith tightened a shoe on the horse. "When is a blacksmith not a blacksmith?" the man inquired, with a gleam of intelligence brightening his face.

"I hate conundrums," the girl replied. "What's the answer?" "When he's a horse, sure," said the man; and the girl's face gleamed also.—Judge.

Rather Better.—"They say a fashionable crowd is almost invariably bad tempered." "Much in the same way, I fancy, that fashionable people often wear paste jewels." "I don't quite see that." "Well, of course, where people's tempers are bad they don't so much mind losing them."—Puck.

As Arranged.—First Pickpocket: "Here he comes now!" Second Pickpocket: "All right. You keep a watch on 'im while I take a watch off 'im!"—Cassell's.

In Railroad Parlance.—Little Clarence, who is the son of a railroad man, saw a dachshund for the first time the other day, and remarked: "I don't see how the dog can go around in a circle very long without having a rear-end collision."—Life.

Invisible, But There.—Judge: "What is the charge against the prisoner?" Officer: "No visible means of support." Judge: "What have you to say?" Prisoner: "Well, Judge, I can't take my wife wid me everywhere."—New York Mail.

THE MAURY MONUMENT.

A Matter Already in the Hands of Patriotic Women.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—It is with regret that I see by the papers that a bill has been presented asking for the ten thousand dollars appropriated for the Stuart monument, to be used for a monument to Commodore Maury.

It must be remembered, that at the meeting of the Virginia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, held in Richmond in November last, a motion was made by Mrs. Anthony Walke, of Norfolk, to the effect that the Daughters of the Confederacy erect a monument to Captain Matthew Fontaine Maury, and the Daughters heartily endorsed this action.

But when a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, present in the convention, stated that a similar plan had already taken shape and had been incorporated in the minutes of the Virginia D. A. R., and that the acceptance of Mrs. Walke's motion would very much complicate matters and hinder the Daughters of the Revolution in their work, the motion was withdrawn on the part of the U. D. C.

In my opinion, Commodore Maury was the greatest practical scientist that America has ever produced, and he probably surrendered more than any officer of the United States, for waving all matters, save the love for his State, when he resigned and came to serve the Confederacy.

That no recognition of his services to his State and to the Confederacy has ever been made, is to be deplored; but now that the Daughters of the American Revolution, representing the united country, have taken practical steps, let us be ready to hold up their hands. It is understood that this monument will be erected at Hampton Roads, while the bill provides that the memorial to Commodore Maury be erected in Richmond, thus working in direct opposition to the D. A. R.

Very truly,
MRS. N. V. RANDOLPH.

Gov. Swanson's Inaugural

Governor Swanson's inaugural address to his "fellow citizens of Virginia," which we publish in full this morning, glows with the inspiration of a wholesome optimism and impreghant with wise and timely suggestions for the advancement of the material, moral and educational welfare of the Commonwealth.—Petersburg Index-Appeal.

The inaugural address of Governor Claude A. Swanson is a fine State paper and will be read with deep interest throughout the Commonwealth. There is a bold, manly, straightforward ring throughout the address. The Governor looks with optimistic eyes to the future and would discard partisan politics and try and develop the great resources of the grand old State.—Halifax Gazette.

The message, as a whole, is written in a commendable spirit and shows that the Old Dominion has as its Chief Executive a man who is fully abreast of the time and who wishes his State to occupy a prominent position in the van of the best and most progressive States of the Union.—Newport News Press.

The message of Governor Swanson to the General Assembly to-day, in the nature of an inaugural address, is a splendid and inclusive review of the resources, condition, needs and opportunities of the State, supplemented by many suggestions as to the betterment and improvement of our public institutions and the promotion of our progress and prosperity as a Commonwealth.—Newport News Times-Herald.

We salute you Governor Swanson, with good wishes and the earnest hope that your administration may prove a blessing to our State. Your boyhood aspiration has been gratified, now make the most of it.

The past brings to you inspiration, the present is of thrilling interest and the future beckons on to even nobler and better things.—Appomattox Times.

As we try to recall something that Claude Swanson has done for his State—something that he has done for the people of the State; some sacrifice that he has made; some supreme effort or something that he has done for the people of the country as a whole—there does not come to mind a single thing. Up to the present time nothing differentiates this man from others among the mediocre politicians of the State. Yet he has ability, he has diplomacy, he has strength and he has patience. Again, he had the favor of the State machine. And the greatest of these is the State machine. The members of that machine, and the other men who have ambitions that they seek to gratify—interests that they desire to represent—would not have stood aside to allow Swanson to become Governor if it had not been either that they felt the necessity for the strength of his eloquence, his character and ability to win the governorship, or that they felt that he would be a useful man in the governorship.—Norfolk Dispatch.

It is fortunate that Mr. Swanson should have signalized the very beginning of his term by the performance of a valuable public service. His inaugural address deserves to be so characterized. It is a careful and strongly presented resume in general outline of the State's leading interests and resources, and, as demanding the most thorough consideration, a review of the large and urgent needs that inevitably accompany a period of rapid and hopeful development.—Lynchburg News.

No citizen of Virginia can ask more of the new Governor than that he stand faithfully by his declaration of principles, and none who know him believe that he will do less than to give to the State the honest, fearless and progressive administration which has been outlined in his message.

Governor Swanson succeeds one of the best Governors that Virginia has had, certainly in the past thirty years.

Few men have filled that office with more credit to themselves and to their State than Governor Montague, and fewer still have retired from the gubernatorial chair possessing so fully the admiration of the people at large and the personal esteem of his fellow-citizens.—Charlottesville Progress.